

# HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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## HOLY COMMUNION AND THE LAY APOSTOLATE

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"To be a Christ is the whole meaning of Christianity. To radiate Christ is the whole meaning of the Christian apostolate." These words of Père Plus may well help us to recall to mind the deepest meaning of our work and the real aim of the lay apostolate. As we go hurrying along through the busy days, immersed in the details of many activities, worrying about clubs and recreational programs, study groups and clothes distribution, and all the other projects which zeal may dictate, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that "being" is even more important than "doing." With the memory of the great Feast of Christ the King so close to us in the liturgy, this seems an appropriate time for Christian personalists to think once more of our basic ideal and its implications for our work.

How then can one be a "Christ"? Of course it is only through union with Him that we can accomplish such a miracle. Without Him and His grace, we are nothing, can do nothing. Before the Redemption the world was lost in hopelessness and despair. Without the Redemption we too will be overcome with discouragement. Father Furfey has told us over and over again, that this being the case, we must cling to the Mass, the re-enactment of the Redemption. In daily Mass we find the grace to lead the Christ life. That we all know, but sometimes we forget that the Mass is the most important action of our lives. After all, we are so sleepy and it is cold, and we have so many things to do. Surely it is no harm to miss Mass occasionally, or to be distracted when we arrive at the church, or to be just a few minutes late. When we say these things we show that we are still amateurs, that we really do not grasp the significance of what we are trying to do. To be indifferent to the Mass is to sabotage our work as surely as if we took an axe and tore down the club rooms we have so laboriously built. To be indifferent to the Mass is

to render our active work futile, to make it only a waste of time and energy.

What then does the Mass mean for us? It is the source of our charity and when charity grows cold the daily routine becomes only a dreary ritual, pitiful in its inadequacy. The Mass is our bulwark against discouragement and how easy to become discouraged when the first flush of natural enthusiasm dies out! The Mass is our principle of stability and unless our work is built on solid principles rather than changing moods, we get nowhere. Finally the Mass emphasizes the place of suffering in the apostolate. If we are not willing to suffer for our work then we do not grasp the mystery of Calvary and our charity will be anemic and lukewarm. We cannot be truly united with Christ unless we comprehend the white hot intensity of His charity. "In this we have known the charity of God be-

cause he hath laid down his life for us."

Since a willingness to suffer is essential to the lay apostle Holy Communion then has a peculiar significance for us. At the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass we have witnessed the intense physical and mental suffering of Christ, to redeem us, to win for us the heavenly life of grace. Now at the Communion it is our turn. Now we have the opportunity to offer our own sufferings for others. At the sacrificial banquet we can unite ourselves with the Divine Victim, with Christ on the Cross. Our participation in the Redemption becomes profoundly personal. The realization of this fact accounts for the eagerness to embrace suffering which characterized the saints. It accounts as well for the glory of their works, for the results which they achieved. Peter Claver, the Curé of Ars, John Bosco, Thérèse of Lisieux, Mary of St. Euphrasia, Anna Taigi, all had grasped the meaning of Our Lord's words "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself." Blessed Peter Eymard, the priest of the Eucharist, said that without a love of suffering "you will accomplish nothing lasting." St. Thérèse wrote that "Jesus, having made me understand that it was by the Cross He would give me souls, the more crosses I met with the stronger grew my attraction for suffering."

Let us then carry forth from the Mass a willingness to suffer. We are face to face with terrible social problems, for many of which there are no human solution. Suffering humanity cries out for a redeemer. Discouraged souls are deprived of grace. Surely if we care at all, we will be willing to suffer that these sores may be healed. Perhaps we shall not be asked to suffer the bloody death of the cross, but surely we shall be asked to suffer fatigue, physical pain, mental suffering, loneliness, and the constant irri-

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### Martin de Porres

help us  
+ to be +  
humble



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**HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS**

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**WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR SISTER TO MARRY A NEGRO?**

For five long years, in season and out of season, in our own small humble way, we have been trying to preach the Gospel of Christ, in regard to the American Negro.

For five long years, every private statement of the first two Commandments that we have made, every lecture that we have given, either on the same theme, or just on "Christ in the American Negro," or on the urgency of Interracial Justice, without which we will NOT REALLY win the War, and surely will LOSE the Peace . . . we have been faced with this strangely irrelevant, "stock" question . . . **WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR SISTER TO MARRY A NEGRO?** That seemed in the mind of the speaker, to be not so much a question, as a statement, which at once and completely relegated our plea and prayer, for CHARITY AND JUSTICE, toward the Negro, to the realm of the impossible . . . unreal . . . the utopian!

Taking therefore our patience and our courage in both hands, we will endeavor to answer this bland, "stock" yet burning question, that in reality has so little to do with the matter at hand.

As behooves Catholics, let us begin at the beginning, with the Commandments of God and His Church, which are supposed to be binding on us UNDER PAIN OF MORTAL SIN, which means that we cannot deny them and remain in the Fold. Let us therefore refresh our memory on the "Impediments" to a lawful Catholic marriage, as listed by that very Church. At once we shall find, that neither Race nor Nationality has any place on that list. **IF THE CHURCH DOES NOT OBJECT TO THEM WHY SHOULD CATHOLICS?**

Yet, by and large, this is still a rhetorical answer. We could put the matter before you in another light. What makes white people in America so presumptuous, so vain, as to think that if they grant the Negroes their rightful place in the professional, business or scholastic world, a stag line of the Race's males would immediately form before every white girl? Why *presume* that the beauty (if any) of the white woman is irresistible to the Negro, and vice versa?

And again that is a sort of a rhetorical answer too. (But we are tempted by such, they are so simple and logical at that.) What we really would like to ask the person or persons, who so unthinkingly ask this "stock" question, about someone's sister marrying a Negro . . . is what kind of "marriage" they want to discuss? The BIOLOGICAL one, or the so-called LAWFUL one. For we must remember that the coming together of man and woman does not always (alas) need Book, Bell or even Candle, nor the blessing of either Church or State, scientifically speaking. And when we come down to hard brass tacks . . . what do we REALLY SEE. . . .

**THAT IT IS THE NEGRO, WHO STRONGLY, VEHEMENTLY, STRENUOUSLY OBJECTS TO INTER-RACIAL "MARRIAGE."** And that one of the main rea-

sons why he wants political and economic equality under the Constitutional laws of our Democracy, is to protect his womankind, that incidentally is just as precious to him, as his is to the white man, from the inroads of the white man's lust.

The Negro woman has been the victim of same for over 250 years. First as a body slave, now as an economic one. Once upon a time there was in America a Race of Black people, now they are a Brown one. And it is common knowledge amongst both races, that there are many Negroes, of such Caucasian or Aryan features, that they have "passed" the lines of demarcation easily. These things are evident to the most casual observer and they did NOT happen by the grace of the Holy Ghost . . . They happened thru the lust of the white man. . . .

In these tragic days, it is well to face realities frankly. **NEGROES HAVE NO SPECIAL DESIRE TO MARRY YOUR SISTER OR MINE . . . BUT, ALAS, MANY A WHITE MAN HAS USED HIS PRESTIGE AND POWER AS A MEMBER OF THE DOMINANT RACE TO "MARRY" THE NEGRO'S SISTER AGAINST HER WILL.** We dislike to discuss this ugly matter to its bitter end. For proof of our truthfulness, we will simply ask our readers, to re-read their American history carefully. Or if they are of a curious nature, to drop in at any Police Station in any of the Harlems of America and ask them what is their biggest headache . . . and the answer will be **THE WHITE MAN'S LUST FOR THE BROWN WOMAN.**

Harlem in New York City is at present getting very adverse publicity in regard to robberies, killings, assaults, muggings, etc. Did it occur to any readers of the Daily Press to note that first, there is no record of any decent white woman ever having been attacked or molested in Harlem?

Secondly, that most "accidents" happen to white men in the dead of the night off the beaten track. **AND WHAT, PRAY, ARE THEY DOING THERE AT THAT TIME?** Harlem like any other urban community offers people, white and colored, soldiers, civilians decent entertainment if they want to get it. The USO on Seventh Avenue does not practice Jim Crow in reverse and members of the white armed services are welcomed there. So are they at the Y.M.C.A. on 135th Street. Does anyone want a good dinner? They can get it at reasonable prices in pleasant surroundings. Shows, Art Exhibits, and the best collection of books on Negro literature, in the Public Library . . . all can be found in Harlem . . . as can

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**WE WEAR THE MASK**

We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
 It hides your cheeks and shades our eyes, —  
 This debt we pay to human guile;  
 With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
 And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,  
 In counting all our tears and sighs?  
 Nay, let them only see us, while  
 We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
 To thee from tortured souls arise.  
 We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
 Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
 But let the world dream otherwise,  
 We wear the mask.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar

## STAFF REPORTER

By B. R. B.

This month, dedicated to the Poor Souls, has the effect of making one stop and reflect a little more than usual, sometimes quite an ordeal, but necessary nevertheless. So often in our work here we are put to shame by the goodness, generosity, and downright Christ-like spirit of those who really practice the Christianity we preach. For instance, would we, I mean the average Catholic, adopt a family of four children when their mother died . . . especially if we already had three children of our own and the monthly income was something around a hundred and ten, with food prices rising, besides other increases in the cost of daily living? Would we have enough faith in the Providence of God to increase automatically our family to twice its size? We know a woman who had the courage and trust in God to do just this.

And another, who was having an extremely difficult time keeping her own body and soul together, but who could not bear to see a little blind girl left homeless, and took her in. There is no cold, impersonal, detached attitude of "the state takes care of the orphans and the blind" in these people. They take care of their own. One of the many reasons why they are poor. No wonder God loves the poor, for they truly love and care for one another. These souls have their Purgatory on earth, we'll have ours in the hereafter, if we're lucky.

Last week we managed to get a day's work for a widow who had two children. Out of the small earnings she received she used a few pennies to buy us some cakes . . . we were deeply touched . . . the "widow's mite" again.

Leonard is one of the more interesting characters on West 135th St. He comes along every Wednesday to pick up odds and ends. An enormous fellow, over six feet tall, weight about 230. Possesses a very sunny disposition and simple soul, works hard all day to earn enough above two dollars, the price of his horse and wagon, to make ends meet. At night he goes to his room, which must be big of necessity, and relaxes by either playing his second-hand piano, which it took him a year to buy, or listening to his phonograph. A homey sketch of the daily life of a Harlem peddler.

Here is the latest Toyery report. Since July there have been six hundred and thirty children registered

with the Toyery, five hundred and eighty of these children use the Toyery regularly. With all these children borrowing toys constantly there have been only thirty-two missing. Good record, is it not?

Thanksgiving, our great national holiday, is upon us again. We at FH wish to express our sincere thanks to the many friends who have been so generous to us during the past months. Please continue to remember us. See you next month.



## EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 2)

Socials and Dances, in Churches or other Community Centers, sponsored and supervised BUT DOES THE WHITE MAN WHO COMES TO HARLEM, SEEK THESE . . . NO, HE SEEKS . . . THE NEGRO'S SISTER" . . .

You who ask the question that makes the title of this article, have you asked yourself . . . how does the brother, the father, the sweetheart, the husband of that Negro girl feel about all this? Perhaps if you had . . . part of the riddle of Harlem's "muggings" would be solved . . . For a deep and righteous anger is filling the Negro soul . . . deprived of justice, discriminated against in employment, compelled to fight in segregated regiments, he stands his back to the wall of despair . . . and has to watch the lust of the white man eddy back and forth at the threshold of his home, almost powerless to prevent it . . . IF THERE IS ONE PERSON IN AMERICA WHO WOULD LIKE TO PUT A STOP TO INTERRACIAL "MARRIAGES," IT IS THE NEGRO.

Because of this, he asks for political and economic freedom, rights and responsibilities, THAT ARE INHE-

RENT, BY THE WAY, IN HIS DIGNITY AS MAN. How can he protect his family, his honor, when he is denied the very fundamental right to vote in so many States . . . when so many Courts of so-called Justice will not even consider his plea . . . when there is not enough money because of job discrimination, to keep that family together, assuage their hunger . . . give them a decent living. . . ?

All we ask for the Negro, is the right to live, to work, to study where and how he wishes; equality of opportunities and the right to the pursuit of happiness. For instance we have two lovely Catholic Negro girls, fully qualified, who desire to train as Nurses (we are told there is a shortage of same) in a CATHOLIC NURSING SCHOOL. So far we have found none willing to accept them. WHY?

And since all the above demands we make, ARE RIGHT AND JUST BEFORE GOD, and in the light of the Constitution, for which our boys are now dying on far away fields . . . they cannot be dismissed with a shrug of one's shoulders and a statement, "DO YOU WANT YOUR SISTER TO MARRY A NEGRO?"

The plain answer to this would be . . . how do you know that the Negro wants to marry your sister and why should he anyhow . . . and why do you presume that *your* sister would fall in love with a Negro (it takes two to marry in case you had forgotten) or he with her? And all that, the moment they met in a school, college, business office . . . FRIENDS, YOU TAKE TOO MUCH FOR GRANTED . . . no one has the right to refuse justice and charity to another fellow human being, on the grounds of such a nebulous possibility . . . which if and when it happened (in the rarest of instances allow us to assure you) SHOULD BE TREATED FROM A CATHOLIC STANDPOINT. WHY BUILD BRIDGES AGAINST JUSTICE, THAT NO ONE WILL HAVE TO CROSS?

Remember one thing . . . no one in the U.S.A. is more opposed to interracial "marriage" than the Negro. The race had enough of it . . . and wants above all to stop it. . .

TO SUM UP . . . THE QUESTION . . . DO YOU WANT YOUR SISTER TO MARRY A NEGRO—IS IRRELEVANT . . . OUT OF ORDER . . . TO THE MATTER AT HAND . . . AND MUST BE STRICKEN OFF THE RECORD. . .

## THE BARONESS JOTS IT DOWN

**CALLING CHICAGO . . . CALLING CHICAGO . . .** The Official opening of Friendship House in Chicago will have already taken place when you will read this. Probably you have seen the accounts of it in your diocesan and local press. But if you have not visited the place on that great day . . . for alas we as yet have not all the addresses of ALL our friends in Chicago . . . don't fail to do so at your earliest opportunity . . . It will repay your efforts to get there.

By the way, we apologize for the mistake we made in the last issue, Friendship House in Chicago is located at 309 East 43rd St. the telephone number is . . . Atlantic 6518. The three workers there are Miss Anne Harrigan, Miss Ellen Tarry, and Mrs. Wylie. The Centre is open DAILY FROM 10 A.M. till 10 P.M. except SUNDAYS.

**WE ARE CALLING CHICAGO . . .** because little humble Friendship House there, needs you each and all . . . to help them to bring to the Negro in the south side hope . . . and . . . justice . . . and because it needs so many things . . . to list but a few . . . a piano . . . upright . . . a radio—AC current . . . good Catholic books, classical records . . . subscriptions to Catholic Magazines . . . a bread box—big one . . . a mirror . . . drinking glasses—about 100 for those special breakfasts Friendship House is always having for its various groups . . . and those Socials for youth. **THAT IS WHY NEW YORK IS . . . CALLING CHICAGO . . . CALLING CHICAGO . . .**

Of course Marie has more time on her hands these days, to do the many wonderful things she always does . . . console this poor mother left alone with several little children, because father died recently. Instruct that young girl in the faith . . . straighten out that married one, who had her first quarrel . . . and always, always bring Christ back into people's lives . . . but Marie is sad . . . and when Marie is sad . . . the street and Friendship House gets sad with her . . . for everyone loves Marie . . . she is so good . . . she gives herself so completely, to all who come to her for help. It is no wonder that Marie is sad . . . the Clothing Room is there,

and so are the people who need clothing . . . but the **CLOTHING ITSELF IS CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE.** Yes, we know, the shadow of rationing is upon our clothes too. Taxes have taken much of everybody's income. People are careful with their clothing. But there is still Christ . . . and there are still the "naked that need clothing." What can we do but beg in His most Holy Name for your old clothing, and pray to Him to show you a way of letting us have it . . . For we need it **DESPERATELY.** New York is **NOT YET A WAR-BOOM TOWN. WE STILL HAVE UNEMPLOYED BY THE THOUSANDS, AND THE NEGRO OF HARLEM STILL IS THE MODERN LAZARUS AT THE GATES . . . "STANDING OUTSIDE . . . LOOKING IN."** You have searched your closets and attics for scrap for the War, now would you, could you be induced to do it again . . . **FOR CHRIST IN THE NEGRO.**

Only two days left before mailing Christmas gifts to the boys overseas says a big poster outside my window, as I write this . . . there will be only

### WITCHES' REVENGE

Must have been the evil spirits abroad that night . . . for Hallo—we'en Eve the Clothing Room mirror fell and broke into a thousand splinters. Poor thing that it was (cracked and blurry) it was better than nothing. We'll be **MOST APPRECIATIVE** of another, please . . . long enough for the ladies to see how they look in their pretty new dresses.

about four weeks left to prepare for Christmas in Harlem when you read this. In our Harlem where keyhole kids have been in existence long . . . long before Pearl Harbor . . . where little tots already stop us, to ask us if we will have a Christmas tree and presents and parties . . . will we? While there is still time to have a real Christmas . . . perhaps the last for many years . . . the last in the childish sense of trees and trimmings and lights. What shall our answer be to the tots of Harlem and Friendship House? It depends on you. Send us your old toys and perhaps a few new ones. We are opening a Christmas Fund to buy the goodies with. Will you send us a contribution marked "**CHRISTMAS FUND**" . . . please . . . for Christ's birthday . . . and as a prayer for that boy of yours in distant lands. Thank you!

### HOLY COMMUNION AND THE LAY APOSTOLATE

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tations of daily life. Let us embrace these sufferings, so trifling in the light of Calvary, with an ardent charity for Christ and for our neighbor.

In times like these when many are willing to die for earthly rulers, why should we begrudge a suffering love to Christ the King. Daily we must battle with the mystery of iniquity, against the powers of darkness, against principalities and powers. Do we not need the Mass even more than ever? Can we not in Holy Communion unite ourselves to Christ the Crucified King. Then indeed will our work spread like fire on the earth, then will we attract souls with the magnetism of Christ, and then will we ourselves be deeply happy, having realized the end of our creation.

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